FAL. My lord. I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon*, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding: and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o' the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it: and the young lion repents : marry, not in ashes, and sackcloth : but in new silk, and old sack[4].

Off. JUST. Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

FAL. Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

CH. JUST. Well, the king hath severed you and prince Harry: I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

FAL. Yea: I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day! for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily : if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again[5]. There is not $,

* Folio omits *about three of the clock in the afternoon.*

*e For false illusion of the magistrates
' With borrowed shapes of false antiquity' STEEVENS.

4 — marry, not in ashes, and sackcloth;

but in new silk, and
old sack.] So Sir John Harrington,
of a reformed brother.
Epigrams, 1613, 17:

" Sackcloth and cinders they advise
to use:
*' Sack, cloves and sugar thou
would'st have to chuse."

BOWLE.

s *-.- would I might never SPIT WHITE
again.] i. £. May I